

HUNGER AND LACK OF CLOTHES KEEP CHILDREN HOME

Discovery of 727 Hads of Families Out of Work and Ill, or Both.

LITTLE ONES AT LARGE.

Not Able to Go to School Because of Their Approach to Futility.

This is a story for you, sir, and you, madam, who are even moderately well fixed to read.

Did you know that there are today in New York 727 families so poor as not to be able to dress their children so that they can be sent to school?

Did you know that in more than 50 per cent. of these families consumption—the great white plague—had fastened its relentless grip?

Did you know that in every one of these families there is a father or a mother willing to work, but unable from illness or lack of opportunity to do so?

Do you know that the children of these families—five or six in the family at the most—are running loose about their particular slums just because their parents are too wretched or too apathetic to send them to the city's industrial schools? If you did not, The Evening World cartell you that these things are so. They are cold, hard facts duly recorded in a report of the Children's Aid Society of this city.

Appalling have the conditions become that the trustees of the society, who have already raised \$100,000 among themselves, have been compelled to ask the public for aid. Five thousand dollars, they estimate, is needed, and need quick, for the purchase of the bare necessities of life for the wretched beings their investigations have turned up.

Finds Condition Appalling.

C. Loring Brace, secretary of the Children's Aid Society, told an Evening World reporter to-day that never since the foundation of the organization in 1853 had such appalling conditions confronted the trustees.

"The suffering among the extremely poor class that we reach with an industrial school system is staggeringly bad," said Mr. Brace. "Not since 1853 have the poverty-stricken seemed to face such a blank wall as they do to-day. The investigations of the principals of some of our schools, when some of their pupils have failed to appear, have revealed almost incredible tenacity of life in truly desperate straits."

"For instance, a gentleman called on Miss Katherine Stackpole at the Rhineland School for Crippled Children to see what pressing want among the parents of her pupils he could alleviate. He was directed by her to a family named Schlegel at No. 435 East Eighty-sixth street.

Mother and Six Children Helpless.

"The Good Samaritan found the Schlegels living literally like animals on the bare floor of two wretched rooms. There were six children, by the way. The mother, a woman being wrecked by consumption, lay coughing her life out on a pile of old sacking in a corner, while her barefooted children, blue with cold, crawled and played about her. Every stick of furniture in the place had been sold or pawned. The husband had long before deserted his family and started drinking when he lost his job as a carpenter—laid off on account of hard times."

"The charitable man left \$10 for pressing necessities and told Miss Stackpole to call on him for more if necessary. He also purchased a mattress and some furniture for the wretched family."

"The Children's Aid Society has fifteen industrial schools in New York, and 15,000 children attend them annually. Only the children of the very poor are eligible for admission, and thus the most destitute of the city are reached."

Every teacher connected with the Aid Society has missed from ten to twenty scholars since the winter set in. An investigation showed a variety of causes for absence. Lack of food and the necessity for finding it kept many away. Some had no shoes and were ashamed to come. Others stayed away to tend sick mothers or maimed fathers. All were kept from school by dire necessity."

A Crippled Brakeman's Burden.

Miss Stackpole showed an Evening World reporter some pathetic letters from mothers of her unfortunate charges. Here is one:

"Dear Miss Stackpole: Please be so kind and excuse Louis for not telling you I was thankful. God bless you for the shoes and stockings and kept you alive long for little crickets."

An Evening World reporter visited one sample family. They are Daniel Willis's folks, and live in a tenement at No. 616 West Sixty-fourth street, in the San Juan Hill district.

Willis was formerly a brakeman and earned good money, but he lost his foot in an accident, and since then, as he says, has "not been good for much." He has five children, the eldest ten years old. Mrs. Willis is an invalid. Her husband has stumped around for weeks, vainly looking for work, but being turned down everywhere he went on account of his injury. He is bitter now when he looks about the bare place he calls home and hears the children crying.

These people were found by Miss K. Crommelin, principal of the Fifth-third street school. The children have no shoes. The parents have no hope, and as Miss Crommelin says, how are you going to reach people like that except by first feeding them and then leading them to the more complex needs of the mind?

BANKER SCHIFF'S GIFT.

Announcement was made to-day that Jacob H. Schiff had purchased Henry Mosler's last important painting and has presented it to the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. The painting is entitled "The Dawn of Our Flag."

Her Ordeal Ended, It's an Open Question Whether Evelyn Thaw Or the District-Attorney Had the Better of Their Encounter

Admission Wrung From Her at the End May Be Used to Combat Claim That Thaw Was Irrational at Time of the Tragedy.

TRIAL'S THRILLS GO OUT WITH DEFENDANT'S WIFE.

Justice Is Pictured Not as a Blind Goddess, but as a Crystal Gazer in Court Where Thaw Is Fighting for His Life.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

With the swish of Evelyn Thaw's blue skirt down the aisle of Justice Dowling's court room, and her disappearance into the witness-room not to return, the thrill of the second Thaw trial is over.

Half a day in the considerate hands of Thaw's chief counsel, Martin Littleton, a whole day in a battle without quarter with Mr. Jerome, and the twice-told tale of horror was a thing of the past.

Whatever the future holds for her, young Mrs. Thaw may safely feel that the most trying experience of her life has been traversed.

Some of those who witnessed the duel of wits between the prosecutor and the resourceful witness are of the opinion that the young woman had the better of it. Others, taking into consideration the final admission wrung from her by Mr. Jerome—that Thaw seemed to her rational just before the shooting—hold that the laurels of the sorry occasion belong to the District-Attorney.

I confess that the sordid court room drama has so lost its grip upon me that I could not reach a decision on that point. I can see it only as a pitiless and singularly futile whole.

THE LESSON OF THE TRIAL.

Here we are, in the middle of a second protracted trial which has cost New York taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars that might be put to so much better use in building schoolhouses or laying out playgrounds for the children of the poor. Here is Mr. Jerome employing every device of the skilled lawyer to track a human being to his death. Here is Frank Garvan ceaselessly active in supplying his chief with fresh weapons in the shape of suggestions and reminders. All for what? That one poor wretch may meet death sooner and in more horrid guise than it would otherwise appear to him.

Here are the forces of the defense fighting the shadow of death with the shadow of madness. The suavely courteous Peabody, the shrewd and smiling Dan (Cupid) O'Reilly, the carelessly competent Littleton, and ever behind him the feeder of the defense's engine, the Garvan of the Thaw forces, Hugh Herndon.

The last named, a young Texan who has been associated with Mr. Littleton since the latter resumed private practice, has been so actively engaged in handling the evidence and papers of the defense and in interviewing the prospective witnesses that probably not ten persons in the court room know his name or his important connection with the case.

SHALL THAW DIE OR LIVE A MADMAN?

All these minds, the minds of the hundreds of writers in the court room, of hundreds of thousands of persons outside, are now concentrated on the one thought whether Harry Thaw shall die a murderer or live a madman.

The purposes of Justice, I hear some one saying, are not to take revenge upon the criminal, but to punish him as a warning to other evildoers.

That Harry Thaw, if mentally responsible, should be punished for killing Stanford White, or that any murderer should be punished, I concede. But I am not able to differentiate between the first crime of the individual committed in passion and the later crime of capital punishment committed by society, except in favor of the murderer.

IS TAKING OF LIFE EVER JUSTIFIED?

This on the broad principle that no taking of human life is ever justifiable.

This is the one conviction I took into the court room, and about the only one I have left in the case.

Justice in the painted panel over Justice Dowling's head is not represented as blind, but as a crystal gazer. She holds a large crystal ball in her raised left hand. If she will ever condescend to look in it she probably will be rewarded by a vision of a future time when the crystal will be unclouded by human blood.

But, perhaps, the Thaw trial may not be even a memory then.

HIS DEAD WIFE'S GOWN WAS SACRED

When Second Spouse Put It on Husband Had Recourse to Court.

Because she insisted on wearing the clothes of his first wife John Lipke, who lives at No. 5217 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, caused yesterday the appearance of a wife No. 2 in the Fifth Avenue Police Court.

The Lipkes were married a few months ago and were happy until recently, when his wife, so Lipke says, began to make fun of the former partner of the home. The husband declares the climax was reached when Mrs. Lipke appeared in a gown and hat which belonged to his first wife and which, since her death he had carefully kept in a box in the closet of their home. Magistrate Voorhees sent the couple home to patch up their differences.

TELLS QUEER YARN OF TENEMENT FIRE

Tomas Says Robbers Upset Lamp After Tying Him Up.

The police to-day are investigating a fire in the house at No. 5124 West Twenty-sixth street, in connection with which Nicolas Tomas tells an unusual story.

Tomas says when he went to his room on the fourth floor of the six-story building late yesterday three men followed him, one posing as a gas inspector. They tied him hand and foot, he said, and in throwing him on a mattress turned over a lamp. The men escaped by a rear door, and, although Tomas says the janitress untied him, he could not recall the circumstance.



Mrs. Wm. Thaw.

6-FOOT BURGLAR KNOCKED OUT BY LITTLE WOMAN

Mrs. Jaeger Fells Thief With Sash Weight and Then Sits on Him.

Armed with a sash-weight, Mrs. Hannah Jaeger, a slender little woman, five feet in height, knocked out a six-foot burglar, who fought her with a heavy wrench, and held him on the floor in an unfinished flat house, at No. 270 South Ninth street, Williamsburg, until the police came to arrest him. He was arraigned in the Lee Avenue Court to-day, where the plucky woman came to prosecute him.

The fellow said he was Samuel Harris, but would tell no more of himself, because he said he came of a prominent family and didn't want to disgrace it.

Mrs. Jaeger, who is caretaker of the flat, was on the fifth floor last night when she noticed some brass taps pried loose from a sink. At the same time a man sprang at her, striking her with a wrench. She seized the sash-weight and hit him. Her husband was there, but he is an invalid.

"Call the police!" she cried to her husband, as she went at the burglar, lantern in one hand and sash-weight in the other. Jaeger went as fast as his strength would permit and round the man McCarthy a block away.

"Hurry or my wife will be killed," said the burglar.

They arrived in the room to find Mrs. Jaeger sitting on the burglar, lamping him with the iron weight. He was crying for help. She had disarmed him and was helpless.

"No danger of your wife being killed," said McCarthy, as he carried the burglar off to the police station.

WON BRIDE AS HE BUILT NEW SUBWAY

Engineer Rogers to Wed Daughter of Contractor Bradley Next Week.

Miss Grace Cook Bradley, of No. 290 West Eighty-sixth street, daughter of William Bradley, one of the contractors who built a portion of the new subway, will be married on Jan. 23 to Mr. Augustus Rogers, one of the engineers who was employed on the tube. In the course of their business association Mr. Rogers asked the young engineer to call at his home. Mr. Rogers is twenty-six. When he met Miss Bradley, who is nineteen, it was love at first sight with him.

"Every Man Is Entitled

to his century," says Sir James Crichton-Browne, the British scientist.

The foundation of long life begins in the child—proper feeding and the early cultivation of a normal appetite for

FOOD that NOURISHES

brain and nervous system—controllers of all the organs—

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Wellville," in plays

SZECHENYI AND HIS BRIDE WILL SHARE FORTUNE

Count and Miss Vanderbilt to Combine Wealth at Marriage and Divide Income.

NO "DOT" FOR HIM.

If Either Dies, Whole of Combined Estate Reverts to Survivor Under Agreement.

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and Count Laszlo Szechenyi have subscribed to a contract to combine and share mutually the income from their fortunes upon their marriage next Monday, the Count waiving the European custom of demanding a "dot" with the hand of the bride.

It became known to-day that the Countess Szechenyi, mother of the Count, will present to Miss Vanderbilt when she becomes Countess Szechenyi a complete court costume of Imperial style and material, and a set of the Szechenyi family jewels. That the Count's family means for his American wife to take a foremost part in Hungarian court circles was assured by the announcement of this gift.

In the adjustment of the property interests of Miss Vanderbilt and Count Szechenyi, Anderson & Anderson, of No. 35 Wall street, acted as attorneys for the former, while Morris Cukor, of No. 61 Park Row, represented the Count. The contract, which was signed yesterday, provides that in case of the death of either the estate of the deceased will revert to the survivor. Miss Vanderbilt's fortune is estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$12,000,000.

Count Szechenyi's property interests are by no means as great as those of Miss Vanderbilt, and therefore he will benefit to a much greater extent by the terms of the contract than will she. It is understood that Miss Vanderbilt and the members of her family concurred in the decision that there should be no balance struck except on the broad gauge of mutual participation by the young couple in their combined fortunes.

This attitude, it is said, was reflected when the lawyers incorporated in the contract a clause relating to the ownership of the wedding presents. While no inventory of the presents was taken, the lawyers estimated the value at close to \$10,000. The matter was presented to Count Szechenyi and Miss Vanderbilt, with the result that the following clause was ordered to be included in the contract:

"It is the desire of both parties that all references to gifts be eliminated."

YALE'S JUNIOR "PROM."

Many New York and Brooklyn Folk at Social Function.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 22.—Yale's greatest social event of the year, the Junior promenade was held last night in the Second Regiment Armory. For the first time in years the Governor attended the function. As the Chief Executive of the State Gov. Woodruff is an honorary member of the Yale corporation. With his staff he occupied one of the handsomely decorated boxes. Many New York and Brooklyn persons were present.

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BORDEN'S PURE MILK

Rich, Pure, Safe, Economical

Rich, because in the dairies our regulations require that the cows shall have the best foods. Pure, because our milk is safeguarded from dairy to consumer. Safe, because the health and surroundings of cows and employees are vigilantly watched. Economical, because milk produced and handled under such a system offers consumers a Better Product Than Can Be Obtained Otherwise.

9 Cents a Quart

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO. NEW YORK

Established 1857 "Leaders of Quality"

A Tour of Inspection Without Leaving Home

Napoleon used to plan his battles with pencil and paper; many a school boy and girl has taken a pleasurable trip around the world by consulting a geography; thousands of shrewd homeseekers visit—to all intents and purposes—scores of vacant furnished rooms, houses and apartments by reading the "To Let" advertisements printed every morning in The World.

An Interesting and Profitable Habit to Form.

FOUND CUTICURA INDISPENSABLE

For Her Children—Little Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema Which Simply Covered Back of Heads—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too.

ALL PROMPTLY CURED BY "WONDERFUL OINTMENT"

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered before I heard of Cuticura. I used to try almost everything, but they failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment. Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. I am using the Cuticura Remedies yet whenever any of my family have any sores, I cannot find its equal. Mme. Napoleon Dueppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."



"I had an ulcer on my foot for a year or more and it was very painful as it was a running sore. I had a doctor, but his treatment did not heal it. About eight months ago I commenced using Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. I used two sets and it is now all healed up. Mrs. E. F. Ryder, West Brewster, Mass., April 29, 1907."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Itching, Eczema, and other eruptions of Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c) to Heal the Sores, and Cuticura Pills (50c) to Purge the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

PAINFUL ULCER On Foot for a Year. Healed by Two Sets of Cuticura

"I had an ulcer on my foot for a year or more and it was very painful as it was a running sore. I had a doctor, but his treatment did not heal it. About eight months ago I commenced using Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. I used two sets and it is now all healed up. Mrs. E. F. Ryder, West Brewster, Mass., April 29, 1907."

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Women's Ailments

are many and peculiar. At times they so disorganize the system that the general health is impaired and weakened.

When women feel nervous and debilitated, or suffer with sick headache and depression,

Beecham's Pills

will promptly relieve these unpleasant symptoms, and do much toward restoring healthy conditions to the various organs.

For backache, dizzy spells, feeble blood, stomach weakness, constipation and other distressing ailments, Beecham's Pills are a reliable preventive and

A Natural Remedy

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

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Announce special sale

AT REDUCED PRICES

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